

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

By Roberta Angela Dee



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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

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CHAPTER ONE

She's Leaving Home

I was a teenage drag queen. I refer to myself as being a drag queen, because by no stretch of anyone's imagination (no matter how forgiving) could it be said that I really looked like a girl or a woman. I looked like a drag queen, plain and simple.

My parents knew that I had been dressing up in my sisters old dresses since I was four years old. They believed that in time I would outgrow my interest in being feminine. But it continued.

By the time I was a teenager, they were both embarrassed by and disgusted with my behavior. As far as they were concerned, I was gay. I liked men and that made me a queer. It was totally beyond their comprehension that I could actually want to be a woman.

After all, the position of a woman back in the sixties was only a little better than it is now. So, given the fact that I was at least born a male, they couldn't understand why I would want to give up all the *advantages* of being a man for all the *disadvantages* of being a woman. They couldn't understand my need to be who and what I felt I was.

But in my heart, I was a woman. I felt like a woman, wanted to live as a woman. I wanted to attract men and I wanted to be loved by men. What was so difficult to understand?

I lost my virginity at 18 years old. It was a horrible experience. It was painful and it left me with the feeling that I had been used. Yet, as bad as it was, there was something that made me want to try again and again. I did, and each time it was better and better. Then, there was the very first time that a man had his penis inside of me and I reached an orgasm. I had never experienced anything remotely similar. It was simply the most divine and wonderful experience I had ever known.

Something inside of me was imprisoned. Somehow, a young man, through the use of his penis had released that *something*. And along with it, he released years of pent-up emotions.

He made me feel like a girl. He made me want to be a girl. And, afterwards, I knew that there was no way I was ever going to be a man or even want to try.

I had been with other women, but no woman had come remotely close to making me feel the way I could feel with a man. There was no doubt in my mind that the pe-

nis was a powerful instrument, and once caressed by the right woman, the rewards could be astronomical.

Still, for all my newfound happiness, my parents were miserable. There I was parading in and out of the house in women's clothing. The boys teased me. The girls teased me. If cats and dogs were able to speak, I'm certain they would have teased me as well.

And for each day that I made my parents life miserable, they attempted to make mine at least as miserable. I lived on some form of punishment. It was a rare occasion that I was able to do as I pleased.

My father was especially inventive at assigning chores that were intended to make it difficult for me to be feminine and pretty. His intent was to sweat the sissiness out of me, or to leave me so covered with dirt that femininity could be little more than an impossible dream. To his surprise, and disappointment, all his attempts only made me more resourceful and determined.

The neighborhood children had for a long time known about my feminine nature. Half the boys for several blocks would meet with me, secretly, so I could perform oral sex on them. I was naturally sworn to secrecy. None of the boys wanted anyone to know they had given their budding manhood to another "boy", regardless of how effeminate. Still, many of them met with me on a regular basis and I would perform the magic of making each one ejaculate.

None of the boys actually cared about me. They certainly hadn't met with me because they were in love with me. Nor do I believe that it had anything totally to do with sex. I think it was solely for whatever personal satisfaction they derived from knowing that they could do something more than pee with it. I was merely the instrument of proof. I provided them with the assurances they needed to know they would one day be men.

But as far as keeping my activities a secret, I only kept them secret among the boys. I did however tell all the girls about it, at least the girls with whom I could profess to have some degree of friendship. There were some girls that avoided me as a result of my being the neighborhood deviant. And we never spoke.

Essentially, I looked forward to my discussions with the other young girls. Because for that brief amount of time, I felt as though I belonged to the group and had something of importance to share. But whenever I suggested that they do as I had done, one of the girls would always says, "My mother said that nice girls just don't do that." And once again I would become an outcast because I was a far cry from being a "nice" girl.

Oddly enough, the concept of being a nice girl intrigued me. My mother had never said anything to me about being a nice girl. Frankly, she had neither encouraged, nor discouraged my having intimate relationships with boys. Although I'm sure she knew about it. Like most mothers, she knew everything! But I sensed that it was something that she preferred not to know. And she managed, somehow, to make it unreal.

I asked her once to tell me what I needed to do to be a, *nice* girl. She simply told me that since I wasn't a girl, I didn't need to know. And through her tone of voice and

the way she emphasized that I wasn't a girl, I knew never to ask her again. But I continued to wonder about it. Because it seemed to be the only way I could be accepted by the other girls.

I knew enough to understand that if I could learn the rules, I could play the game. But no one was willing to teach me the rules. They weren't written down anywhere and there was no place I could go to find out.

I seemed destined to be an outcast among the boys because I was too much like a girl, and an outcast among the girls because I was still considered to be a boy. I grew up between the proverbial rock and a hard place. And no one cared, nor seemed to understand.

Sometimes my mother would pity me and ask my father to ease up. But he was as determined to make a man of me as I was determined to be a woman. And because I had a woman's temperament I could be as tenacious as he was brutal.

By the time I graduated High School it was generally acknowledged that I had won the battle but lost the war. And I was asked to leave the house, unless I could abide by his rule never to cross-dress within a 50 mile radius of our residence.

I tried to explain that I could not go against my nature and that even if I managed to suppress my femininity, I would continue to be feminine at heart. Denying me the right to dress was not very different from torture. For me it was a psychological form of abuse. It left no physical scars, but the emotional scars would be terrible.

"We'll help with your college expenses, he announced. "But you'll still need to leave this house."

One look at him and it was clear that there would be no compromises, no concessions. This was his final act, his final attempt to make a man of me, and I refused him.

I had no desire to go to college. But considering the alternatives, I soon recognized that college was the most tangible option. So long as I pursued my education, I would at least have a roof over my head, three healthy meals a day, and a little money for entertainment and, of course, feminine accessories.

My mother told me that I would need to decide on a major. "It's an important decision," she said. "Your major is likely to determine the kind of work you'll be doing for the rest of your life."

I immediately started thinking about the things I enjoyed doing and the things I was good at. The list was rather short. It seemed that after 18 years of life, the only activity I had accomplished and the only one I truly enjoyed was the art of attracting boys. And no matter how many times I scanned through the catalog of courses, I could not find a single course in giving head.

Well I thought about it up until the day of registration. My time had run out. But then I was struck with a wonderful idea.

If I majored in business and minored in fashion design, I might one day own my own dress shop and be able to make my own dresses! Furthermore, changes in my anatomy had already become a problem. My shoulders had broadened and my waist

had grown thicker. Consequently, there were few things I could buy off the rack any longer. But if I could learn how to sew and knew a little more about design, I could design clothes that could make me as glamorous as Madonna, Toni Braxton, or Catherine Deneuve.

When I discussed my idea with a counselor, she was quite surprised. “That's absolutely brilliant,” she said. “And there are so few men who have an interest in fashion these days. I think you've put together a perfect combination.”

Unfortunately, the state university was more geared for careers in teaching. Still I was able to find enough art and design courses to make my plan work. And so I registered and declared a major in business Administration with a minor in fashion design. With a lot of hard work and luck, I could be the next Sarah Chapman or Anne Klein.

I might even progress to the point where I could do some runway work, be a high fashion model, bathe in skim milk, buy an entire line of Gucci bags. Well, all right, so I was beginning to hallucinate a bit. But in spite of some illusions of grandeur, I seemed to be on the right track.

CHAPTER TWO

Campus Queen

My roommate's name was Edgar. I called him Edgar the Ox, but never to his face. He deserved the title because he was built like an ox and had just about the same IQ. He was admitted on a football scholarship, and he lived and breathed football.

Any discussion with him that wasn't about football met with sudden death. I mean you can say anything to him and he would relate it to football.

“Looks like rain, Edgar.”

“Yea, I like working out when the field is a little muddy.”

“I'm a little hungry, Edgar.”

“Yea, well I need to maintain this bulk 'cause we got a game coming soon.”

“Don't you think that Sally Canada has great legs, Edgar?”

“Yea, well that's why I do squats with the free weights. You gotta have good legs to play good football.”

“Edgar, what's the square root of 49?”

“Huh?”

Yes, well, that was my roommate Edgar. Not much to look at, but he knew football and the cheerleaders loved him. He was a living status symbol who selected “his” woman every six to eight weeks. But for that time, she would be the campus queen, in the sense of popularity. In terms of drag, there was no campus queen. And although I could have won the title hands down, I knew that wearing women's clothing in a dormitory filled with virile young men would be hazardous to my health in ways that the Surgeon General could never even imagine.

Basically, I kept a low profile and spent three nights out of each week sleeping either in the suite lounge or in the lounge at the end of the hall. My sleeping arrangements were based on Edgar's sex life. They'd get hot and heavy at it three times a week in our room, and three times a week in her room. I think they rested on the Sabbath.

Anyway after going through this routine for three months and for two different girls, Edgar finally got suspicious and asked why I had never invited a girl up to the room. Or to use his own articulate way of expressing himself, “You're not a virgin or some kinda queer is ya?”

The intelligent response would require me to deny who I was inside, however much less than a woman it would make me feel. And being an intelligent person, I knew that had I told him that I just hadn't found the right girl, it would have appeased him for another 3 months or so. After all, Edgar was not especially bright, nor did he have very much of a memory. Yet, for some reason that I still can't comprehend, I just told him straight out. “Edgar, I'm gay.”

I knew that if I had told him I was a transsexual he wouldn't understand.